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Ohio State University
Journalism Series

Ohio Journalism Hall *of* Fame

Proceedings of the Second Annual Dinner-Meeting of Judges, Newspapermen, and Others to Honor the Journalists Elected

Faculty Club Rooms
November 8, 1929, 6:30 P. M.

JOURNALISM SERIES, No. 8

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
COLUMBUS MCMXXX

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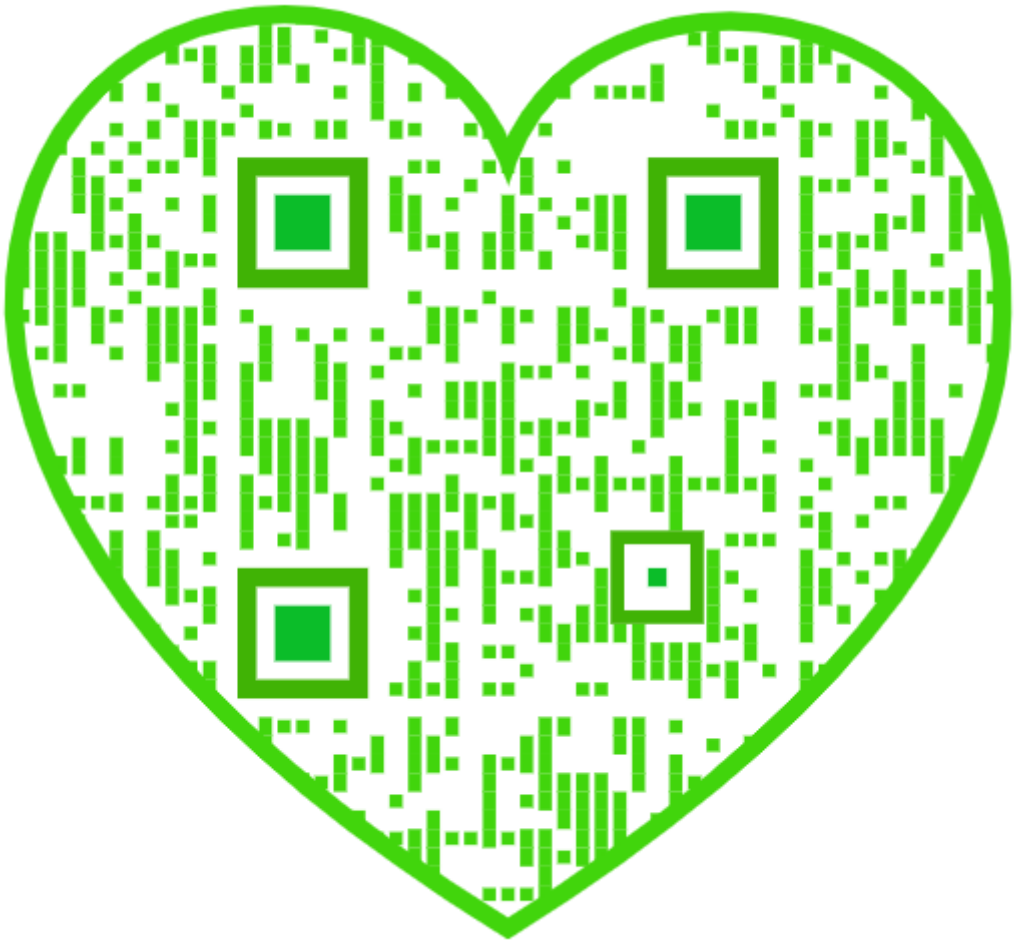

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(1929 Election)

Mr. H. W. Amos, *Cambridge Jeffersonian*
Mr. Wm. B. Baldwin, *Medina County Gazette*
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Mr. Harry W. Brown, *Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*
Mr. Louis H. Brush, *Salem News*
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Mr. Roscoe Carle, *Fostoria Times*
Mr. A. C. Callaghan, *Bellevue Gazette*
Mr. Albert Dix, Sr., *Wooster Record*
Mr. William A. Duff, Ashland, R. F. D.
Mr. F. A. Douglas, *Youngstown Vindicator*
Mrs. Ruth Neely France, *Cincinnati Post*
Mr. George H. Frank, *Grafton News*
Mr. J. H. Galbraith, *Columbus Dispatch*
Mr. C. B. Galbreath, Ohio Historical Society
Mr. O. P. Gayman, *Canal Winchester Times*
Mr. Alfred Haswell, *Bowling Green Sentinel-Tribune*
Mr. J. K. Hunter, *Chillicothe News-Advertiser*
Mr. Oliver Hartley, Publicity Director, Columbus
Mr. Webster P. Huntington, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Mr. W. C. Howells, *Cleveland Plain Dealer* Bureau, Columbus
Mr. R. B. Howard, *Madison Press*, London
Hon. J. E. Hurst, *New Philadelphia Times*
Mr. A. E. Huls, *Logan Republican*
Mr. Arthur C. Johnson, *Columbus Dispatch*
Mr. J. W. Johnson, Circleville
Mr. J. S. Knight, *Akron Beacon-Journal*
Mr. Wilson A. Korns, *New Philadelphia Tribune*
Hon. John Kaiser, Marietta
Mr. E. C. Lampson, *Jefferson Gazette*
Mr. J. L. Long, *North Canton Sun*
Mr. A. E. McKee, *Ohio State Journal*, Columbus

Mr. Harry B. McConnell, *Cadiz Republican*
Mr. George E. McCormick, State Librarian, Columbus
Miss Lida Rose McCabe, 37 Madison Ave., New York
Mr. Thomas Emmett Moore, *Cincinnati Enquirer*
Hon. E. H. Mack, *Sandusky Register*
Mr. Claude Meeker, Columbus
Mr. George Moran, *Cleveland News*
Mrs. Penelope S. Perrill, *Dayton News*
Hon. A. P. Sandles, Ottawa
Mr. W. G. Sibley, *Chicago Journal of Commerce*
Mr. H. G. Simpson, Ohio Historical Society
Mr. Charles H. Spencer, *Newark Advocate*
Mr. Harry E. Taylor, *Portsmouth Times*
Mr. C. B. Unger, *Eaton Register-Herald*
Mr. William G. Vorpe, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
Mr. Fred S. Wallace, *Coshocton Tribune*
Mr. J. N. Wolford, *Yellow Springs News*
Mr. C. R. White, *Millersburg Farmer-Hub*

Text of the Tributes

THE second annual dinner for the honoring of the men elected in 1929 to the Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame was held in the rooms of the Faculty Club, Ohio State University, November 8, 1929. The dinner was one of the events of the All-Ohio Newspaper Conference conducted on the campus by the School of Journalism and the Ohio Newspaper Association, Friday and Saturday, November 8 and 9.

Those present numbered one hundred and twenty-five, prominent among them being Mr. E. H. Mack and Mr. John Kaiser, members of the University Board of Trustees; Mr. Carl E. Steeb, secretary of the board; Mrs. Thompson, wife of President Emeritus W. O. Thompson; Mr. Louis H. Brush, for thirty years secretary of the Associated Ohio Dailies; Mrs. S. E. Spicer, feature writer of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*; Mr. Webster P. Huntington, editorial writer of the *Toledo Times*; Mr. A. E. McKee, editor of the *Ohio State Journal*; Mr. H. E. C. Rowe, field manager of the Ohio Newspaper Association, and Mr. C. E. Turner, its attorney; members of the faculty of the University; judges in the year's election, and newspaper men and women of Ohio dailies and weeklies.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

At the conclusion of the dinner, Professor Osman C. Hooper, of the School of Journalism, made the following introductory remarks:

I want to say first, on behalf of those who labor on the campus, that we very heartily welcome those who have come a distance to participate in the All-Ohio Newspaper Conference and to share in giving honor to the four distinguished Ohio editors whom we shall tonight induct into the Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame.

Perhaps also there should be some explanation of why we have a Hall of Fame, what it is and how it operates, since some here present may not be familiar with the facts.

The idea grew out of our realization, as we studied the history of journalism, that there have been many distinguished editors in Ohio in the period from 1793, when the first newspaper to be published in what is now Ohio appeared in Cincinnati, to the present. It was found that these men were being forgotten, that their careers were being covered up with the dust of years, and that it was not easy to learn of them and their service. It seemed ungracious that we of today should allow that condition to continue and grow worse, and that the least we could do was to rescue the facts from such records as still exist and from the memory of men and women still living, and provide a repository where they would be easily accessible to anybody interested in our profession and its exponents in the years that are now gone.

This thought was communicated to a number of active newspapermen and was so favorably received that we proceeded to organize a plan of operation. Wishing the honor to those men of the past to come from their living successors, we last year

invited fifty Ohio newspaper men and women to serve as judges and to vote a ticket that would be submitted to them. There was a ready acceptance of the invitation.

Nominations to the Hall of Fame were requested, and these came with equal readiness. With a view to beginning at the outset of Ohio journalism, selections were made from this list with some view to chronology, and a ballot of fifteen names was made up and mailed to the judges with the request that they each vote for not more than ten. The result was the election of eight men as follows: William Maxwell, Charles Hammond, S. S. (Sunset) Cox, Murat Halstead, Joseph Medill, David R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) and Whitelaw Reid. It is a group of distinguished journalists which I believe no state can surpass.

(Here a group picture of the eight was flashed on a screen by Professor F. H. Haskett, of the Department of Photography, and was roundly applauded.)

This year the list of judges has been increased to 58, and there were a few changes of personnel made necessary by death or removal from the state. A similar list of nominees was sent to them and every ballot but one, I think, was voted. The result was the election by a two-thirds vote of the four whose names you will find on the program, and which I now have the honor of announcing:

John T. Mack (1846-1914). Editor, *Sandusky Register*
Edward S. Wilson (1841-1919). Editor, *Ohio State Journal*
Washington McLean (1816-1890). Editor, *Cincinnati Enquirer*
Januarius Aloysius MacGahan (1844-1878). War Correspondent, *New York Herald* and *London News*

Tributes to these men will be paid by speakers who have come for this purpose, and I now take pleasure in introducing as Toastmaster Professor Joseph S. Myers, director of the School of Journalism.

JOHN T. MACK

With a few preliminary remarks, including the statement that the order of the program would be followed and that at the conclusion of each tribute the portrait of the journalist honored would be thrown upon the screen, Professor Myers introduced Trustee John Kaiser, of Marietta, to speak of John T. Mack. Mr. Kaiser said:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

When Professor Hooper asked me to prepare a paper dealing with John T. Mack's activities both as a newspaper man and as trustee of The Ohio State University as far as my contacts with him were concerned I accepted the honorable task with certain misgivings because there were so many others much better qualified for the task. Most of the knowledge of Mr. Mack had come to me from others who had known him intimately and by whom he was greatly admired. These misgivings, however, were largely laid to rest when Mr. Hooper informed me that a distinguished editor, a personal friend of Mr. Mack's, would prepare a paper, and that I might confine my tribute in such channels as I might elect.

The *Sandusky Register* with which Mr. Mack was connected for so many years has always been one of the outstanding papers of the state. Established in 1822 it has mirrored the problems and the progress of northern Ohio as has fallen to the lot of few papers.

Some one has well said that all the great wars have been fought for the wheat fields of the world. So in like manner the great industries have risen largely in the grain territories. If you will consult a map of the United States you will find that most of the progressive and industrial centers are located in the wheat belt which stretches irregularly from Boston across the continent to the Pacific coast. Of late because of modern inventions and modern discoveries this trend has been to a degree modified and some industries are being located far from the places where the raw material is

John T. Mack (1846-1914)
Editor *Sandusky Register*

Born in Rochester, N. Y.; graduated at Oberlin College in 1870; became associated with his brother, I. F. Mack in the publication of *Sandusky Register* in 1874; editor and business manager from 1909 until his death in 1914; one of six publishers who organized the Associated Ohio Dailies in 1885, and was its president from 1889 till his death, a period of twenty-five years; trustee of the Ohio State University for twenty-one years.

found and away from the wheat fields of the nation, but the fact remains that the grain section crossing the northern part of our country is still and will continue to be the nation's greatest field.

To Sandusky in 1869 came I. F. Mack, a brother of John T. Mack, and bought a half interest in the *Register,* then as now, one of the conservatively progressive newspapers of the state. Within two years he bought out his partner and sold the newly acquired interest to his brother, John T. Mack. From 1871 to 1914 this brother was connected with the *Register.* In the early years the Macks published a daily, a weekly, and a tri-weekly; then a daily and a weekly; then a daily, a Sunday paper and a weekly; and finally, just a daily and a Sunday edition. It was the day of personal newspaperdom; it was a time of intense political and factional strife, as was evidenced by the militant type of men who conducted the editorial columns of Ohio's papers,

their work is mirrored in the vitriolic temper which graced their editorials. The *Sandusky Register* was no exception, but it was conducted on so high a plane and with such honesty of purpose and such undoubted sincerity that it commanded the respect even of those who differed from its editorial utterances. It laid no claim to infallibility.

For years I. F. Mack edited the paper while John T. Mack was the business manager. In 1909 John T. Mack bought out his brother and assumed the editorial responsibilities and continued such until his death in 1914. Unlike his brother he had none of the militant element in his make-up. Thereafter the editorial columns were no longer the pronounced, personal feelings of an editor. John T. Mack was no less a man of strong convictions, but he knew how to get his messages to his readers with more grace and possibly with more effect. As some one has put it, he was milder-tempered and more community-minded. He helped to usher in the modern era of journalism in which news became the dominant interest and in which the personal equation of the editor was no longer so apparent.

Mr. Mack's newspaper activities were by no means restricted to his editorship. He was one of the organizers of the Associated Ohio Dailies, an organization which because of its great work in the state, is deserving of honorable mention in any history of the Fourth Estate. He was actively engaged in building up and improving the Associated Press, one of the world's greatest newsgathering agencies, and it was at the annual meetings of this body that I first met Mr. Mack. He was a regular attendant and took an active interest in the work of the concern. No matter how protracted the sessions he stayed at his post. I was attracted to him for two reasons: one, his marked serenity of mind; the other, his great devotion to Ohio State University. In the many hours we spent together I was impressed by his abiding faith in the future. He was a natural optimist without the enervating spirit of the crusader. He was tolerant of other men's views and opinions, provided they were sincere. Never did I note any spite or hatred coming from him. There was no discordant note. No unkind words fell from his lips. To my mind he might be one of those personified by the poet Jacob Boehme:

"Wem Zeit wie Ewigkeit, und Ewigkeit wie Zeit,
Der ist befreit von allem Streit."
"He to whom time and eternity are one is freed from all strife."

I enjoyed his talks, and they were numerous, about Ohio State University, because to me they were glimpses into the promised land which I could not enter. Years before a group of young men had met at Marietta and each made known his political ambition. Mine was to be trustee of Ohio State University. One of the young men was a graduate and informed me that my ambition could not be realized because I was not a graduate. I accepted that as final. Little did I dream while talking to Mr. Mack that not only was I to be honored in having my dream come true, but that I was to become Mr. Mack's successor.

There are men who by the very force of their characters make lasting impressions upon those with whom they come in contact. John T. Mack was one; Thomas Corwin Mendenhall was another. To me when I met the latter as a trustee of Ohio State University there came a feeling that these two men had much in common. They both seemed to live up to the injunction, "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." I have never been able to dissociate the two in my mind. In both the inward greatness was theirs; the complete harmony of their natures impressed one.

As the wonderful drama of the nineteenth century passed into that of the twentieth John T. Mack remained tolerant, kindly, unselfish, serenely confident and hopeful. If he had moments of discouragement, he managed to hide them from his associates. He laid the foundations of his paper so broad and so deep that his sons have been able to rear a splendid edifice upon them. This speaks volumes for him both as an editor and as a business man.

To the University he gave of himself without stint. He was a regular attendant

upon the meetings of the board during the twenty-one years he served thereon. He was interested in young men and young women, and his faith in them never wavered. He was instrumental in having Lake Laboratory established, and when it was dedicated, he was one of the principal speakers.

To me has fallen the heritage of being his successor. But there comes with this the knowledge that a son of John T. Mack is also on the board of trustees, who is worthily carrying on the work so admirably done by the father.

I may say of John T. Mack as was said of Goethe by his great biographer: "To us the most valuable, most attractive, most wonderful of all his works is his life."

Very appropriately the University has named one of its new and beautiful dormitories Mack Hall, thereby perpetuating the memory of a devoted friend of the institution.

Let me close by giving you the resolutions passed by the Board of Trustees following his death:

"Mr. Mack came into the service of the University as a trustee in 1893, as successor to the late Rutherford B. Hayes, and served continuously until his death. His service was marked by faithful attendance at meetings of the trustees, fidelity to all the interests of the State and the University, a high conception of his office and its duties, an abiding interest in the students, a clear vision of the place of the University in the educational system of the State, and an active co-operation with his colleagues in promoting the progress of the University. His genial companionship, his sincere and genuine friendship, his unflinching integrity and his high personal character united to make an efficient trustee and a worthy successor to the distinguished citizen who, like Mr. Mack, gave without stint his time and talent to the service of the University and the State. The sense of loss in his death is accompanied by a grateful appreciation of his twenty-one years of service."

Mr. Brush Adds His Tribute

Mr. Louis H. Brush, president of the Brush-Moore Newspapers, Inc., who had come to the dinner, though he had feared his inability to do so, was called upon by the Toastmaster, and responded:

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Hooper, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Not being on the regular program, I will grant it is a little embarrassing for me, and particularly so since Mr. Kaiser has so well covered these achievements of our friend, Mr. Mack.

My acquaintance goes back to nearly forty years ago when as a small newspaper publisher—as I am today—I came to an Associated Ohio Dailies' meeting. Mr. Mack organized the Associated Ohio Dailies in 1885, and up until the time of his death, he was the President.

A few years later, I came to Columbus and attended the meeting at the old Neil House. The twinkle in his eye and the hearty handclasp that he gave me when I told him who I was and that I was coming down for inspiration have always followed me and will probably be with me all my life.

Mr. Mack was my "daddy" in the newspaper business. If I have had any success at all, I must attribute a great deal of it to the candid advice and encouragement he gave me.

About three or four years after he became a member of the Associated Ohio Dailies, Mr. Mack having ever a very kindly interest in the business end of the newspaper—his brother having full charge of the editorial work of the *Sandusky Register*—got together a group of a half dozen publishers who were not as much interested in the editorial end as they were in the business end. Of those, I remember W. S. Cappeller of *Mansfield News*, General R. B. Brown of Zanesville, Malcolm Jennings of Lancaster, General Amos of Sidney and Mr. Chew of Xenia. Mr. Mack thus

organized what is today the Select List of Ohio Newspapers. We met every other month at the old Neil House, regularly, for two or three years. We talked shop—at least these men talked shop and I listened.

Those meetings helped me in what little work I had to do, and so I am only too glad to come here tonight by my presence to add honor not only to Mr. Mack, but to the other men whom we honor tonight.

It being in my mind a few weeks ago that I would not be able to be here tonight, I prepared a few words that I would like to read.

The great honor that has fallen to the memory of my friend, John T. Mack, gives me deep gratification on the one hand and genuine pleasure on the other. I personally approve of his election to the Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame from the standpoint of his distinctly meritorious contribution to the profession of newspapermen, and I am extremely pleased to have such an honor bestowed upon one whom I regarded as a true and worthy friend.

Mr. Mack came upon the newspaper horizon at a time when old methods were going out and new ones coming in. Prevailing conditions were such that the editor was not expected to conduct a business but to write editorials, beg advertising, run the press and practically starve to death. Mr. Mack injected real business methods, properly dividing the dollars and cents side of the operation from the news and editorial phase. At that time the process was quite new and strange and it required sturdy character, dogged determination and keen intelligence to bring financial order out of surrounding chaos.

It is my belief that the newspaper publishers of Ohio, who are more closely associated and, if I may express the opinion, more capable as publishers than in most states, are largely indebted to him for the high principles by which they guide their institutions and for his fatherly interest, splendid example and ready helpfulness.

It was my privilege to serve for thirty years as secretary of the Associated Ohio Dailies, an organization which still exists and of which Mr. Mack was one of the founders. It would not be possible for me to estimate the value of my association with Mr. Mack through the twenty-five years he was president of this body. I have heard him preach that a newspaper owner's first requisites, to be properly successful, were courage and integrity. It was the pursuance of these qualities that placed him high in the newspaper profession.

Mr. Mack's contribution to the newspaper history of Ohio cannot be measured in terms of journalistic success alone. My memory of him brings to me an appreciation of his invaluable friendship, his dependable leadership and his spirit of contentment and confidence in the high purpose and accomplishments of American journalism.

COLONEL EDWARD S. WILSON

Speaking of Colonel Wilson, Mr. A. E. McKee, his successor as editor of the *Ohio State Journal*, said:

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Obviously in a brief paper full justice cannot be done the memory of one who lived nearly four score years of busy life, active in many fields, and lived on vigorously to the end. At best the paper can point only to the principal activities and let them indicate what the man was in his complete, rounded life.

Edward Stansbury Wilson was a newspaper editor in Ohio for 48 years. He was a volunteer soldier, won promotion by services at the front and carried the scars from the hurts of war to his grave. He was an author, loved by and popular with many readers of the four volumes he gave to the world. He was a government official, with commissions bearing the names of two great presidents, McKinley and Roosevelt. He was a busy worker, tireless and constructive, graced every field in which he labored, and left the impress of a forceful personality in each place. He left a record that

Col. E. S. Wilson (1841-1919)
Editor *Ironton Register* and *Ohio State Journal*

Born in Newark, O. Educated for the law; served three years in the Union Army, being mustered out in July, 1865; in the same year bought the *Ironton Register,* which he edited for 34 years, serving in the meantime as county school examiner and trustee of the State Hospital for Epileptics; in 1899 appointed United States Marshal of Porto Rico, where he served several years; became editor of the *Ohio State Journal* in 1905 and continued as such till his death. Wherever Colonel Wilson worked, he was an intimate and outstanding figure in community life. He was author of several books.

is rich in claims for the honorable recognition his native state gives him here tonight, as he is awarded a place in Ohio's Hall of Fame.

Ohio was a new state, largely undeveloped, when he was born in a pioneer home at Newark, Oct. 6, 1841. All his years were spent in his native state save for an interval when he was in federal service. He died in Columbus, Dec. 18, 1919. When

the Civil War developed he was one of the large number of young men to respond. He was a private in the 91st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, went to the front, where he saw service until disabled by wounds in the battle of Stephenson's Depot in 1864. His injuries made necessary his return home, and, while recuperating, he prepared himself for a career in the law. He was admitted to the profession but never practiced, other activities claiming his attention. Before he was wounded during the war he had won promotion and was a first lieutenant. There as in other places he won promotion and leadership, for which nature had given him ability and complete preparation.

In 1865 he purchased the *Ironton Register*, found the work entirely congenial, and continued as its owner and editor for 34 years. He made it forceful, prominent in that section of the state, known all over Ohio. He won for himself a reputation as a leader, a man of ideas vigorous along constructive lines. As the new century dawned President McKinley gave him an appointment as U. S. Marshal of Porto Rico. President Roosevelt gave him a reappointment to that position. He was there until he resigned in 1905 to return home. Shortly after his return he became editor of the *Ohio State Journal*. There he found a large field of usefulness and realized his greatest happiness. He held that position until his death.

Colonel Wilson had strong political convictions, won and held prominence in his party councils. He long was a leader in political thought in the river counties, was a delegate to the national convention, was chosen presidential elector. He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Loyal Legion and the Union Veterans' Union and was active in each organization.

"Educated in the public schools." So Colonel Wilson once wrote when asked for information. The statement was correct, but not complete, it told only part of the story. Nature gave him a vigorous body and an inquiring mind. He was a student as long as he lived. His education never was completed. The best use of facilities in his boyhood did not satisfy him. He wanted more of education. It was characteristic of the man to go and find the thing he wanted. He was a persistent reader. He chose the best authors, became familiar with the best minds of the world and found joy in that association. He never was more of a student than during middle life and his riper years. He was 78 when he answered the great call, but he never had grown old as the world understands that term. He kept on learning, his mind remained young, alert and vigorous. Mentally he always was a young man. Nature gave to him that priceless reward of growing ripe, rather than growing old, with an unusual freshness of mind and body that lasted far beyond the accustomed point.

Always a busy man, giving careful attention to the day's work, he found time to write. He left four volumes that had been well received by the public. Some friends consider his volume, "Keynotes of Education," his best production. It was filled with uplifting thought, wise counsel and a thorough understanding of the problem of getting and using an education. It was good when written, it is fine thought for today. His other volumes were: "An Oriental Outing," "The Political Development of Porto Rico," and his latest volume, considered a treasure by many readers, "The Poetry of Eating." It is filled with fine humor, wisdom and philosophy, cleverly employed in short stories of food that appealed to the appetite of healthy men.

His scholarly writing, shown in books and newspapers, brought recognition to Colonel Wilson. He was a man, educated in the public schools as he proudly proclaimed, who was honored with degrees from two great universities in his native state. Ohio University at Athens, gave to him the degree of Master of Arts, and Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Colonel Wilson never handled a task carelessly or considered as trivial any duty that belonged to him. At Ironton he became interested in the country schools of Lawrence County, and in 1869 was appointed one of the county school examiners. He held that position for 30 years. When he took it the work was considered of

minor importance. Into it he put the vigor and richness of his mind and heart. Under his leadership the country schools of that county were made over and the good work he established remains in evidence to this day. The boys and girls there since 1869 have had a fairer chance in life, have had finer educational preparation for life, because Colonel Wilson took a work considered small and developed its possibilities to major proportions. He helped open the door of opportunity for the students, reorganized and developed the schools to meet actual needs, all his long hard work being for the advantage of others, the boys and girls of Lawrence County. His work carried brightness and light into the school houses out in the villages and the hills, put spirit and understanding in the hearts of the teachers, and produced results, ennobled life. There is nothing else in all his busy career that shows more plainly the vision of the man and his willingness to toil on and bring the vision to full realization. In the work in the country schools the figure of Colonel Wilson is shown at its best.

Born in a frontier state of pioneer stock, he retained to the last the forceful qualities that marked the leader in frontier life. He was roundly developed by the experiences of early days in a new country. He was courageous, fearless in support of ideas he deemed right. He had no patience with weaklings and tricksters. His will was strong, he could laugh at great obstacles, he could remove them, and did. Balanced, forceful and strong, he was ready for the struggle the day brought.

He had one outstanding quality. He never leaned on others and sought results from their labors. All he wanted was a fair chance. He was magnificently independent. If he wanted results he was willing to perform the labor and secure what he sought. Through all his life he was that interesting type of man who came from the pioneers, adjusted himself to changing conditions to become a leader in modern-day life. There have been others of that type, who brought pioneer forcefulness and strength into modern life, but the world never has too many such men.

Colonel Wilson was a great lover of the American home, wrote many times on that subject, picturing the uplifting influences that flow from a happy fireside. He was married to Miss Georgia Anna Gibson in Ironton Oct. 20, 1870. Three daughters were born and they with Mrs. Wilson are living today.

Colonel Wilson loved and respected the duties that surround the editorial chair. He was proud of the power it gave into his hands, was conscientious in considering the grave responsibilities that came with the power. No man ever approached a position in life with higher ideals or gave to his task a more unselfish devotion. He was fortunate, as he had the ability to find continuing pleasure in his daily task. To him the work never was a burden. Like many other writers of his day he used a pencil in doing his writing. To the very last he was a tremendous producer of copy and never was late with it. It was his custom to write during the morning hours, and his work, usually four or more short editorials, was ready most days by 10 o'clock.

He preferred the short editorial, many of his best productions occupying not more than a score of lines in a 16-em column. He was entirely successful in using the short editorial, although it is the most difficult to prepare. Few writers ever are able to master the short editorial and make it effective. For many years the crisp editorial comments of Colonel Wilson were a feature of the editorial page of the *Ohio State Journal*, were widely read and developed an important following.

He wrote on many subjects that did not appeal to other writers. He was a real genius, with ability to jump long distances from one editorial subject to another. He could discuss the discovery of a new star by some patient astronomer, and on the next sheet of paper write appealingly about the qualities and component parts of a rounded pumpkin pie. He could carry his reader with him in that jump, because in each he used clever descriptive or analytical and human comment that kept the subject close to the reader. Through all his years the world to him was a place of beauty, a continual charm. The stately, rugged tree, the modest flower by the pathway, the flowering vine in the woods, the shrub, the birds, the very hills, all were his loved friends. Never was he lonely when in their company.

His political convictions were strong, he was an ardent partisan, but he never failed to denounce wrong or crookedness in politics. Vigorous in body and mind, independent in thought, a fearless defender of the right and of truth, his thinking was done clearly, he fought a fair fight, he wanted no advantage from a dishonorable act, he loved honor and despised dishonor.

Like others who grew up in a new country and was long familiar with life in the hills, he had a fine philosophy of life. His richly stored mind gave him a love for the beautiful things the world had to offer. He kept his mind clean by associations with the best. He was a religious man, through all his years a consistent and persistent reader of the bible. In his editorials he used many quotations from the scriptures. As a scholar he had studied the bible, knew its beauty and its sweetness, and their value to his soul.

Colonel Wilson had the courage of the pioneer and the philosophy of modern life at his disposal when he faced the end. Calmly he put his house in order. There was no trace of fear as this brave soul took his last look at earth and went forward to the great adventure. He died as he had lived, a gentleman unafraid.

WASHINGTON McLEAN

Professor Myers announced that the next to be honored was Washington McLean, long identified as owner and publisher of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. It had been hoped that Edward B. McLean, a grandson, the present proprietor of the *Enquirer* and the *Washington Post*, would be able to attend the meeting. That had been found to be impossible, but Mr. McLean had written a message which would now be read. The message:

Mr. O. C. Hooper,
School of Journalism,
Ohio State University,
Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Hooper:

It is extremely gratifying to me that my grandfather, Washington McLean, is to be enrolled with the immortals in Ohio Journalism.

It is a matter of deep personal regret that it is not possible for me to be with you tonight to participate in the ceremonies attendant upon the conferring of this distinction.

I have asked representatives of the Cincinnati Enquirer to be present on this unusual occasion and I am sure that they will derive almost as great pleasure from your action as I do.

Ohio has always been in the foreground of journalistic effort. I am sure that in the years to come there will be no retrogression from the high standards established and that the newspapers of Ohio will continue to go on molding public opinion and supporting only those measures which make for progress, for happiness and glad content.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD McLEAN

The *Enquirer* representative was Mrs. S. E. Spicer, a member of the staff. She said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am happy to be here on such an interesting occasion and I take a pardonable pride in speaking to the name of the former chief of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, Washington McLean.

Washington McLean (1816-1890)
Editor *Cincinnati Enquirer*

Born in Cincinnati of Scotch ancestry. His taste early led him to study of politics and at 35, he knew the records of all the prominent politicians in state and nation. In 1852 bought an interest in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, becoming a member of the firm of Faran & McLean. They continued together for nearly twenty-five years, making the *Enquirer* one of the chief organs of the Democratic party west of the Alleghenies. Washington McLean's party zeal and influence won for him the sobriquet, "the Warwick of the Democracy." In 1882, he moved to Washington, D. C. and died there December 8, 1890.

"The Warwick of Ohio Democracy," was this great journalist. His right to such a conspicuous position emanated from the dominating influence he wielded in journalism from the time he became joint owner of the *Enquirer* when it was but eleven years old. From that day to the day of his resignation in favor of his son, John R. McLean, the policy of the *Enquirer* bore the stamp of his vigorous personality. And since that day the prestige of the name of McLean has never been lost to the *Enquirer*.

Washington McLean set the pace for a virile journalism. His son, the late John R. McLean, who succeeded him, and his grandson, Edward Beale McLean, the present owner, have never slowed up on the pace set by their illustrious forebear.

Washington McLean was born in Cincinnati in 1816 and died in Washington, D. C., where he had gone after relinquishing the leadership of the *Enquirer* to his son, John R. McLean, in the year 1890. Between those dates lies his life's work,

the building of a great plant of journalism. The causes he espoused, the men whom he supported, and the policies for which he fought with his whole heart and soul, combine to make his life a distinctive contribution to the profession. Over all, he marshaled his indomitable spirit to the end that he became the ruler of the destiny of the Democratic party in the Middle West.

The *Enquirer* under Washington McLean's direction fought the fight of faith during the trying days of the Civil War, when it opposed secession, but had to meet the violent enmity of old political opponents under most trying conditions. At the close of the war it was Washington McLean who championed the cessation of hostilities on all the front, while his erstwhile political enemies persisted in waving the bloody shirt and diverting the profitable trade of the South from Cincinnati.

When the Great Master of Life asked of his stewardship, Washington McLean was well able to make a good accounting. He had been a friend of the poor. He had never been false to a friend. He had been a strong defender of his friend's good name when it was attacked behind that friend's back. He looked the world in the face, for his life was that of an open book. His characteristics of simple unaffectedness almost prohibit encomium. He gave his friendship without stint. He was consistent and undeviating in his patriotism. He maintained a steadfast devotion to principle. He loved his city, his state, and his nation, and his life was devoted to their interests in superb unselfishness. Indeed, his entire career could be written in the personal knowledge of his friends. He was a leader of men by the very force of his character, and combined with this a rare gift of reading character which seldom, if ever, failed him. In his capacity for making friends, he yielded to none his sense of fidelity. This was his sterling feature. He never professed a friendship he did not feel, and the secret of his life's friendships was his never-failing courtesy and sympathetic manners.

The greatest tribute he ever received was from a bitter political opponent who estimated him thus: "I never knew a man who set his pegs so far out and with more sagacity."

His activities in politics were as a patriot and not an office-seeker.

Born of Scotch Covenanter parents, Washington McLean's morals and religion were framed in that strict mold. The sturdy Covenanter stock of Washington McLean was sorely tried many times by men whom he came to know and love, even though they differed from him. He was an intimate friend of Robert G. Ingersoll, and that brilliant orator never failed to see his friend when visiting Cincinnati. And many and hot were the discussions concerning the waywardness of the faith of Ingersoll, as his old friend called it. After one of the hottest of these arguments, in the office of Washington McLean, the two contentious friends walked to the window. Below them on the street, they saw a crippled man walking on crutches.

"Robert, there is the Christian religion you would take from the world. That man's crutches, which alone support him, are symbols of the Christian religion. You would take from the world the crutches of Christian faith and supply nothing in its place." And Robert did not answer his old friend.

Students of journalism must find inspiration in this ritual, and derive it, helpfully, from the presentments here made. These are the great men of the profession and the faith—for journalism is not a mere business. It is not a trade, but in its broadest sense a faith which compels its worthy devotees to lives of strenuous labor in pursuit of all those ideals which have elevated humanity since the beginnings of recorded history.

What is one's obligation to his community, to his state, to the nation? The great editor knows, intuitively, that he is required to stand for the right, for that which shall serve the best interests of his fellow-citizens, morally and culturally. He goes to his task gladly; he feels the burden of his responsibility; he recognizes no obstacle as fearsome or distinctively insurmountable. Like Parsifal or Galahad, he goes forward armored with the bright faith of his convictions. He is the steward of a great trust. He appreciates the value and integrity of this stewardship. He rises above the sordid

influences which might swerve a lesser man from his duty. He follows a star. He will not be led off into the morasses of selfish interest, of passion or prejudice. He is too great for that. He knows that he holds within his keeping the lightnings of power, the lightnings of truth. Like Jove he sends them forth. They do his will and bidding.

I am sure that the great personality which I represent this night knew the way of his duty and followed it without deviation. He had a vision—it may be that this vision did not run parallel with the vision of others, but it was a sincere vision. He followed his star with a simple faith. He achieved greatly. He deserved so to succeed, for in his hands had been placed a great public privilege which he ministered righteously, whose obligations he recognized, whose duties he performed according to the light which was given to him through the illuminations of a conscience sensitive to all influences and appeals made in the name of that which was right, and noble and true. He loved his profession.

The dean of reporters of a great daily, being asked if he would change his life if he had it to live over, answered:

"A reporter discontented? Not on your life. He may have been cold and hungry and financially short, but those small inconveniences are but the price he is willing to pay for the greatest joy a man may have—creating a thing and telling the facts of it.

"I have had entrance into the secret councils of the high and mighty. I have seen every kind of crime and sorrow and joy that makes up life. I have written every kind of story from obits to inaugurations, and I would not exchange those thrills for any that might be felt by one who finds himself a millionaire over night.

"The friendly chatter of the typewriters, the measured click of the linotype machines, and the whirr of the big presses are the sweetest music in the world to me, compared to which a symphony orchestra is as a combination of jew's harps. I would not exchange the chair on the dog watch of the smallest paper for the President's. I would rather get a stick on the front page of the bull dog than an invitation to join the President's cabinet. I value an assignment from the city desk more than a commission to the Court of St. James."

Such type must have been Washington McLean. And such should be the type of all real newspaper men and women. This estimate sets a high standard for all to attain.

And so, today, Washington McLean lives as one of the mentors of his great profession. His thought and his deeds, across the years, appeal to us in the iridescence of their beauty, in the full measure of their worth. He builded stronger and wiser than he knew. Perhaps unconsciously he was laying the foundations of a temple whose arches should come to shelter the world. He was as a great prophet-priest, whose pronouncements must reach down the centuries.

And, withal, the simple soul of Washington McLean perhaps dreamed not of the extensions which should grow and develop from his striving for those ideals which to him seemed good and sufficient, for the betterment of his day. But out of his labors has grown an institution that extends beyond the boundaries of the nation, beyond the boundaries of all the nations of the earth, speaking as the thunder speaks, speaking as the slow breeze through the pines of the mountains speaks—an institution which speaks to the chancelleries of kings and potentates, which speaks to the mighty mass of his own people, which speaks to the council assemblies of his nation—and whose speech is heard and heeded.

It would be idle to speculate upon what this man might have done. What he did succeed in accomplishing in his lifetime in the avenue of journalism marked him as a leader of his fellows and his times. Like the banyan tree his influence grew and multiplied, ever rooting itself anew and more firmly, in a more congenial soil—the soil of patriotism and sound economic thought. And when he relinquished the burden of leadership it was to one whom he had nurtured and cultured for the work of his own hands—to a son worthy to follow in the footsteps of a great sire, whose stewardship won the admiration and approval of those who know what journalism in its fullness means. And this tradition has been carried on even unto the present day,

for the grandson of a great grandsire has demonstrated to the world that the work of Washington McLean must be, has been, extended to the limits of human genius and human responsibility; that the *Cincinnati Enquirer* stands today among the recognized representative journalistic forces of the world.

Perhaps from some watch tower in the vineyards of the Beyond, the great journalist, Washington McLean, tonight looks down upon us and smiles, well pleased.

Those who would follow in the footsteps of these pathfinders in journalism, must, like the Gideonites of old, learn to speak the shibboleths of sacrifice and service. And notwithstanding the hardships that beset the life of those who follow the fortunes of the Fourth Estate, I commend to you the course blazed by Washington McLean and these, his fellow-craftsmen, as one leading to the highest traditions of journalism.

JANUARIUS ALOYSIUS MacGAHAN

Mr. Webster P. Huntington, long a Columbus newspaperman and present editorial writer for the *Toledo Times*, was next introduced to speak of Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, the last of the successful candidates. He said:

Mr. Myers, Mr. Hooper, and Fellow Judges of the Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It seems to me that if, before I make the observations that I have to make tonight upon the subject that has been assigned me, I should preface them with a very few remarks concerning this organization, I would point to one happy aspect of our performance in inaugurating four new members to the Hall of Fame tonight; that in the selection of two of them we have seemed at this early period in our career to have rounded out the significance of the Hall of Fame. That is to say, we began with those of the earliest Ohio newspaper traditions, and now, by the selection of Colonel Wilson and John T. Mack, we have in a way the whole history from the beginning up to recent years, and we are prepared to go forward upon that cosmopolitan basis.

I do not go back as far as Washington McLean, but my association with his son, John R. McLean, was very close—and aside, I may say, he was a man much misunderstood and much misrepresented, but a man to whom his friends were deservedly most devotedly loyal. I see some of them here tonight who were with me in those days and who will testify to the truth of what I say.

As for Colonel Wilson and John T. Mack—speaking of them is like talking about yesterday. I was never with either of them, politically. We did not have any common affairs of partisanship, but we did have in common certain ideals of journalism. Colonel Wilson and I never got any further in intimacy than meeting in the old Neil House and sitting down on the chairs there and discussing gastronomy—and I want to say, we were going some distance. (Laughter.) I had the privilege of being partially reared in New England while he had spent all of his life in Central Ohio, so that we used to contend about the relative merits of such things as pumpkin pie and maple syrup, as representing Ohio, while he stood for clam chowder and Boston baked beans. (Laughter.) I will go even farther back than the old Neil House, and say that we continued discussions over different sorts of ideas, with other friends, and as a tribute to him, I will tell you confidentially that he never followed me. (Laughter.)

With John T. Mack there was ever in my heart a most affectionate feeling of fellowship. No one who knew him as I did could recall him now without saying to himself when the time comes to analyze and look back upon the human contacts made, "There is hardly anything I shall more rejoice in than in my recollection of that good comrade, that noble gentleman, John T. Mack."

I want to relate an instance—somewhat personal, but for which I hope I may be

J. A. MacGahan (1844-1878)
War correspondent for the *New York Herald* and the *London News*

Born in New Lexington, O. In 1870-1871, correspondent of the *New York Herald* in the Franco-Prussian war; in 1874, accompanied the Russian expedition to Khiva, and reported the Carlist war in Spain; in 1876 investigated the reported Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, and went with the Russian army in the Russo-Turkish war, writing vivid accounts of the fighting at Shipka and Plevna. Died of fever in Constantinople. His remains brought to America and buried with military honors at New Lexington. Ohio's great war correspondent.

forgiven—with respect to the career of another man, his worthy successor, present tonight, both in the capacity of a newspaper man and as a Trustee of this great University. This story rather tends to illustrate the errors of judgment regarding even individuals present. Some thirty years ago, John T. Mack came to me when I was editor of the *Columbus Citizen*. He was very much worried that his son Egbert had shown a most perverse and "ornery" disposition; he had, in fact, proposed going into the newspaper business and he had carried out that dreadful intention so far that he was corresponding from the Ohio State University as a student, for the *Columbus Citizen*, of which I was the editor. In those days, he was the reporter in the University of which he is now trustee, and his father said to me, "Don't you know, I am afraid he is going to go on in this." He said, "Now, Huntington, you have a good deal of influence over him, I believe; he seems to think well of you; can't you get him to quit this newspaper business?" He had designs to make Egbert an associate of the multi-millionaires—an administrator of the steel business, he confided to me, many years afterwards.

Well, I did what little I could to dissuade this wayward youth from the path of degradation and poverty, but it didn't work very well, and the next thing I heard of it was when I went into the office up in Sandusky one day and there was Egbert at the desk, with his father in the immediate neighborhood, and the two of them were getting ready to get out the next morning's paper. I said, "Well, you didn't get Egbert among the captains of industry, did you?" And he says, "It can't be done." (Laughter.)

My friends, I must confess, to get down to the serious part of the program, that I have never been able to adopt as my own in the field of journalism the view of its preferred activities entertained by the correspondent. The editorial chair has always seemed to me more persuasive, perhaps because more comfortable, than the notebook and the call of the field afar. Nature, or perversity, has caused me to choose the sanctum rather than the world, the editorial desk rather than the palm of the hand, the paste pot and scissors rather than the unceasing urge of news, the editorial "We," rather than the personal "I;" and, as for the out-of-doors, I have ever regarded a lead pencil, a pad of paper and a seat under a tree as my limit of journalistic felicity.

Perhaps this is because I am more charmed by theories than by facts, more interested in principles than actions, and less concerned about what men are doing than what they are thinking. But somebody has to be an editor. The race is not dead yet, although we hear it is dying. As long as a remnant persists, I shall stick to the sanctum and "let the rest of the world go by," not failing to advise it how the procession should form and what point it should seek as a destination.

In particular, I have never been able to share the point of view of the war correspondent. If a journalist must be a correspondent, why war as the field of action? Never have I adhered to peaceful editorship so loyally as in time of war. Like other brave editors, I have counselled war, but going right into it—that is a very different matter.

I recall that, following the sinking of the Battleship Maine, as editor of the old *Columbus Press-Post* I advocated a declaration of war. An eminent Columbus clergyman, who was as emphatically on the side of peace at any price, took that editorial as the text for a sermon, denounced its sentiments and its author and declared contemptuously that if war should come "no editors' bones would bleach on battlefields."

I replied, calling attention to the services and sacrifices of war correspondents on many battlefields, on long and painful marches, in camps and prisons; and I retorted that, if war should come, no editor would seek safety by claiming a clergyman's immunity from military service.

But I confess now that all the time there must have been in the back of my head my old captivation by the editorial chair. I had pictured it in doggerel, which now for the first time finds partial utterance—the more's the pity for you, my friends:

The editor sat in his easy chair,
Because the world's destiny kept him there.
His salary, also,—if you ask—
Assisted in nailing him down to his task,
But the principal thing that set the pace
For his genius was the good of the race
He said it himself, and that made it so,
For he, if anyone, ought to know!

So this was my journalistic viewpoint, and still remains. But it was not the viewpoint of Januarius Aloysius MacGahan. It was not the viewpoint of the Liberator of Bulgaria. It was not the viewpoint of the sturdy Ohio lad, who, entering the metropolitan newspaper field as by a preordained destiny, became the idol of a nation on the other side of the globe—not only the chronicler but the inspiration of a war for human liberty, his weapon a pencil and his reliance a printing press.

No editor's easy chair for MacGahan! For him no sanctum, but the world of action! Adventure was to him a mission, not a pastime; the thought of his readers

the means to promote a cause; his pen the servant of a purpose which Fate called upon him to fulfill; his spirit the spirit of service and martyrdom.

There is no higher order of material out of which to construct the newspaper man afield, and MacGahan, discovering it in himself, knew he had been called not only to record but to make history. Here, therefore, was the ideal war correspondent, and the condition of Europe offered him the noblest opportunity.

A student of morals and men has said that "a truth which the world has rejected and trampled upon is not a word of peace, but a sword." It was such a sword that MacGahan placed in the hands of Russia, to turn against the Turk in oppressed Bulgaria. Truth, the sum total of resources depended upon by legitimate journalism, was the gift which, distilled from the war clouds that hovered over Europe, MacGahan designed to present, not only to his constituents, not only to America and England, but to the family of nations.

He knew that truth would not be "a word of peace." He had observed how the pleas of the pitiable had been rejected and a people trampled upon in Bulgaria. He knew that the truth he had to proclaim would become a sword.

MacGahan's career needs and deserves a true historian. Tomes have embalmed the deeds of lesser Americans, but this world-patriot and martyr is lacking a biographer. It occurs to me that the State of Ohio might appropriately tempt the pen of such an author, since none has undertaken the task as a labor of love. At least, I can conceive that a state appropriation for such a purpose would be historically, and I think materially, more valuable, than the biennial generosity of the State in printing the biographies of the Representative from Podunk and the Senator from the 'Steenth Ward of the Badlands.

Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, son of James MacGahan, a native of County Derry, Ireland, and Esther Dempsey, who had in her veins the blood of both Ireland and Germany, was born on the Logan Road, three miles south of New Lexington, Ohio, on what is known as Pigeon Roost Ridge, June 12, 1844. When MacGahan was six years old his father died, leaving the widow in straitened circumstances. MacGahan entered the district school, read what books he could lay hands on, among them a work pointing to an early interest in astronomy, and at 14 years began working on farms in the region, but in winter devoting his earnings to his further education at Pigeon Roost. In 1861 he applied to teach the school at that place but was refused on the ground of youth and inexperience. Disappointed, he went to Huntington, Indiana, and obtained a position as a school teacher, astonishing his patrons by using the word-and-object method. Then he sent for his mother and the children of the family.

He moved to St. Louis in 1863 and began writing for the press while following other employment. There for the first time he met General Sheridan. Later he again met Sheridan in Europe. Somewhat later than the latter contact with that brilliant general, he accompanied General Sherman and his party on their travels through Europe, writing copiously of their experiences. It is a singular fact in MacGahan's career that in places thus remote from the scenes of their birth he thus became associated with both of these great soldiers, each one of the trio having been born in Ohio within but a few miles of one another.

MacGahan's design in first going to Europe, in 1868, was education, especially in languages, and with the ultimate purpose of returning to his native land to practice law. But just at this time the Franco-Prussian War broke out and he was engaged by the *New York Herald* to go with the French Army as its war correspondent. Thenceforth in Europe his career was one of brilliant journalistic and personal exploits in intimate touch with the conflicts of the period.

Without tracing the path which led to the crux of his fame and the great historic triumph of his service to Bulgaria, I plunge forward to the events of 1876 which preceded the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877-78.

In April, 1876, occurred an ill-advised Bulgarian insurrection against Turkish rule. A force of only 3,000 to 4,000 Bulgarians, frantic with despair at their country's plight, undertook to defy the great Ottoman Empire. There followed a massacre of

these patriots by the Turks, the destruction of their villages and the killing of innocent and guilty alike.

The English correspondent of the *London Daily News* at Constantinople was the first to draw attention to the outrages. It must be admitted that at this time the British government was ill informed as to their details, but Prime Minister Disraeli was pro-Turkish and for a time little interested. The Government did, however, instruct the British ambassador at Constantinople to investigate the reports of the massacre, but events proved the investigators to be pro-Turkish, also. At the instance of the American minister to Turkey, the first secretary of the American legation at Constantinople, Eugene Schuyler, whose name will ever be remembered in this connection, was detailed to make an independent investigation.

At this time MacGahan arrived in Constantinople for the *New York Herald*, but accepted a proposal of Schuyler and the *London Daily News* to join the forces of the latter paper. He pursued the independent investigation to its last detail, revealing that 12,000 Bulgarians had lost their lives in the massacre to which Disraeli had first turned an indifferent ear. His brilliant letters apprised Great Britain of the facts, and the world read them with dismay and resentment.

Gladstone, at the head of the Liberal party, perceived the incalculable political value of MacGahan's revelations, and Disraeli was thus restrained from throwing British support to Turkey in the war with Russia. The emancipation of Bulgaria became an international issue, and MacGahan found himself the hero of the hour.

As a matter of fact, his journalistic service at this time ordained that the war between Russia and Turkey should be confined to those nations, that Great Britain should keep "hands off" and that ultimately Bulgaria should be freed of the domination of the Turk, though a mysterious Providence withheld from MacGahan the ecstasy of witnessing the treaty to that effect, as he died just prior to its consummation.

It is no wonder that Former Minister of Bulgaria to the United States, Panaretoff, writing on "How MacGahan became a Bulgarian Hero" in an article contributed to *The Ohio Newspaper* in June, 1929, recalled the statement of Mr. Burke, British Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons in 1876, in which that diplomat paid tribute to the services of newspaper correspondents in the affairs of the period. And Mr. Panaretoff said in conclusion:

"Among these correspondents the foremost place undoubtedly belongs to MacGahan, for it was his correspondence that made known to the governments and public opinion in Europe the sufferings of the Bulgarians and enlisted popular sympathy in their favor. To him and to Mr. Schuyler, Bulgaria owes indirectly, it is true, but largely its independence. Hence the Bulgarians honor and cherish their names as those of national benefactors."

Archibald Forbes, foremost British war correspondent, pays this tribute to the services of MacGahan:

"MacGahan's work in the exposures of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria produced very remarkable results. Regarded simply on its literary merits, there is nothing I know of to excel it in vividness, in pathos, in a burning earnestness, in a glow of conviction that fires from the heart to the heart. His letters stirred Mr. Gladstone into a convulsive paroxysm of burning revolt against the barbarities they described. They moved England to its very depths, and men traveling in railway carriages were to be noticed with flushed faces and moistened eyes as they read them. * * * It is not too much to say that this Ohio boy, who worked on a farm in his youth and picked up his education anyhow, changed the face of eastern Europe."

As a correspondent of American and British journals MacGahan was in all the wars of Europe for eight or ten years and up to the time of his death. His exploits of personal courage were without number, but his moral courage perhaps even more convincing of his greatness. It has been said that in variety his experiences as a journalist were never equalled save by Stanley, and I am certainly not able to perceive that those of the explorer of the Dark Continent exceeded them.

They included his experience with the Commune in Paris, when he was arrested

and condemned to death, and his life saved only through the influence of United States Minister Washburne; his travels through Europe with General Sherman and party in 1871-72; his lonely, dangerous and prolonged journey across the Asiatic country to Khiva in 1873; his cruise on board a warship on the Mediterranean and his accidental and unexpected visit with the same ship to Cuba, Key West, New York and other American ports in the latter part of the same year; his ten months with the army of Don Carlos in 1874; his capture by the Republicans, who took him for a Carlist and would have executed him but for the intervention of an American diplomat; his voyage to the Arctic with the Pandora expedition in 1875; his experience with the Turkish army and his memorable trip through Bulgaria in 1876; his visit to St. Petersburg and subsequent accompaniment of the Russian army to Bulgaria in 1877, where he was everywhere hailed as a deliverer, and finally, his death by martyrdom in ministering to a fellow American, Lieutenant Greene, attached to the Russian army, who had been stricken with typhoid fever in Constantinople and from whom he contracted the disease, passing to his eternal reward only three days later, on the 34th anniversary of his birth.

In view of my more than 20 years' association with the commemoration of an historic event that occurred in this State in the War of 1812, I may be accused of "talking shop" when I venture to draw a parallel between the careers of Januarius Aloysius MacGahan and Oliver Hazard Perry. But, as I have searched the incomplete records of the former, I have been astonished at their similitude, and hence I reason that the facts may be of interest to others.

MacGahan was born on an Ohio farm; Perry was born on a Rhode Island farm. MacGahan began the serious work that laid the foundations of his reputation at the age of 28; Perry fought and won the Battle of Lake Erie at 28. MacGahan died at 34; Perry died at 34. MacGahan died of typhoid fever, Perry of yellow fever. MacGahan died a martyr to devotion to a stricken comrade; Perry died a martyr to the folly of the United States Government in sending him to explore the fever-ridden Orinoco on a mission to Venezuela; MacGahan was laid in his grave on the anniversary of his birth; Perry died on the anniversary of his birth; MacGahan was buried in a foreign land, in a cemetery on the outskirts of Constantinople; Perry was buried in a foreign land, in the English cemetery of Lapeyreuse, Island of Trinidad, on the outskirts of Port-of-Spain. MacGahan's remains were disinterred and conveyed to the United States on board an American warship; Perry's remains were disinterred and returned to the United States on board an American warship. Each sleeps forever in the State where he was born.

The superstition of ages gone took its toll of human sacrifices from the fairest and the best; through all the centuries the war god has claimed the young; radiant youth has ever borne the brunt of life's perils, but noble indeed the fame of him who has voluntarily accepted martyrdom!

It is a fine thing we do tonight in marking the second milestone of the institution represented here. We are under obligations—our profession is under obligations—to Professor Myers and Professor Hooper and their associates who so ably laid its foundations and so faithfully direct us in building upon them. We bring the flowers of remembrance to the fame of the departed. We bedeck their memory, we consecrate their personal influence, still surviving among us.

A poet has said that "Memory is the only friend that Grief can call its own."

But Memory is also the limitless reservoir from which the human mind may withdraw inexhaustible resources of happiness and contentment, by the sweet token of gratitude.

Therefore in the Temple of Memory, on tablets set apart for the worthy dead of our Hall of Fame, I inscribe the name of MacGahan.